

Lords haue put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

*Cha.* O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cousen so loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

*Oli.* Where will the old Duke liue?

*Cha.* They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke.

*Cha.* Marry dee I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. He tell thee *Charles*, it is the flubborrest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so yong, and so villanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathematize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more; and to God keepe your worship.

*Exit.*  
Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuise, of all sorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed to much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about.

### Scena Secunda.

Enter *Rosalind*, and *Cellia*.

*Cel.* I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.  
*Ros.* Deere *Cellia*; I show more mirth then I am mistresse of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst bene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to reioyce in yours.

*Cel.* You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster: therefore my sweet *Rose*, my deare *Ros*, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports: let mee see, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

*Cel.* Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport then?

*Cel.* Let vs sit and mocke the good housewife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would wee could doe so: for her benefites are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very illfauouredly.

*Ros.* Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter *Clowne*.

*Cel.* No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath giuen vs wit to stout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

*Ros.* Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiue our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone: for alwaies the dullnesse of the foole, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

*Clow.* Mistresse, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Clow.* No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

*Ros.*

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath foole?  
*Clow.* Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

*Cel.* How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

*Ros.* I marry, now vnmuzzle your wisdom.

*Clow.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chiones, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

*Cel.* By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

*Clow.* By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

*Cel.* Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

*Clow.* One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.

*Ros.* My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

*Clow.* The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the *Beau*.

Enter *le Beau*.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of newes.  
*Cel.* Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be newes-cram'd.

*Cel.* All the better: we shall be the more Marketable.

*Boon-iour Monsieur le Beau*, what's the newes?

*Le Beau.* Faire Princeesse,

you haue lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport: of what colour?

*Le Beau.* What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Clow.* Or as the destinies decrees.

*Cel.* Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

*Clow.* Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

*Ros.* Thou tookest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are coming to performe it.

*Cel.* Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man, and his three sons.

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.

*Ros.* With bills on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three, wrastled with *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second; and so the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittifull dole ouer them, that all the behol-

ders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas.

*Clow.* But what is the sport Monsieur the *Beau*?

*Le Beau.* Why this that I speake of.

*Clow.* Thus men may grow vnder the tree.

*Le Beau.* You must if you stand place appointed for the wrastling performe it.

*Cel.* Yonder sure they are come and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter Duke, Lords, and Attendants.

*Duke.* Come on, since the yong man's

His owne perill on his forwardnes youth, I would faine differe

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Euen he, Madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too yong:

*Du.* How now daughter, are you crept hither to see the

*Ros.* I my Liege, so please you

*Du.* You will take little delight in such oddes in the man

gers youth, I would faine differe

bee entreated. Speake to him

mooue him.

*Cel.* Call him hether good

*Duke.* Do so: Ile not be by

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the *Cham*

for you.

*Orl.* I attend them with al

*Ros.* Young man, haue you

Wrastlers?

*Orl.* No faire Princeesse: he

I come but in as others do, to

of my youth.

*Cel.* Yong Gentleman, you

your yeares: you haue seene

strength, if you saw your selfe

your selfe with your iudgment

ture would counsell you to a m

pray you for your owne sake t

ric, and giue ouer this attempt

*Ros.* Do yong Sir, your rep

be misprised: we will make it

the wrastling might not go for

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish

thoughts, wherein I confesse

so faire and excellent Ladies

faire eies, and gentle wishes

wherein if I bee foil'd, there is

neuer gracious: if kil'd, but o

be so: I shall do my friends n

lament me: the world no inu

onely in the world I fl vp a p

supplied, when I haue made i

*Ros.* The little strength th

with you.